THE

English and French Prophets Mad or Bewitcht,

AT THEIR

Assemblies in *Baldwins-Gardens*, on *Wednesday* the 12*th*, of *November*, at Four of the Clock in the Afternoon, and *Thursday* the 13*th*, and on *Sunday* the 16*th*, at *Barbican*, With an Account of their Tryal, 1707.

THE first that spoke was a *French* Propher, sitting in an Elbow Cane Chear, shaking his Head, moving his Body and stamping with his Feet, as if he was in a Convulsion Fit, and shaking his Fingers as if he had no Joints; but at last cryed out *Hoc, Hoc, Hoc*, for a pretty while: He spoke thus. Prepare your selves, for the Day of Judgment is at Hand; *Hoc, Hoc, Hoc, Hoc, Hoc*, shaking his Head and stamping with his Feet, lifting up his Hands and beating the Elbows of the Chear; saying Awake, Ah! you Drousy stiffnecked People, *Hoc, Hoc, Hoc, Hoc*. A stander by, asked the Prophet, what he stamped for? He cryed *Hoc Hoc*, that he stamped the Wicked of the Earth under his Feet; and so continued for above half an Hour, and so far still.

The Second Prophet that spoke, was Mr. *Dutton*, a Lawyer of the *Temple*, standing up and shaking his Head and spreading out his Hands, and beat them on the Table, and moving his Body, shaking himself as if he was in a Fit, and cryed *Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah*, for a pretty while; and said: The Day of the Lord is near at hand, my Brethren, *Ah, Ah, Ah*; for some time, shaking his Head and clapping his Hands again upon the Table, and crying *Ah, Ah, Ah*, and then broke for some time, and so sat down.

The Third Prophet was *John Lacy*, Esq; sitting in a Cane Chear, leaning backwards, moving and lifting up his Body, and shaking his Head as if he was Mad, crying, *Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, John* and *Elias*, but he quoted no Scripture for what he said, *Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh*, the *Actions exterior of the Holy Spirit upon* Balam, Saul, *and the Prophets, with, and upon* David (*who was the Song of the Drunkards*, Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! *and the Scoff of his own House*) Isaac *walking with his Buttocks bare*; Jeremiah (who is accus'd to for a Mad man) *Ezekiel made to strike with his Fist and stamp with his Foot*; *and others. This Gentleman Dr.* Kingston, *is desir'd to give a more sober Account of.* Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! shaking his Head as if it were loose, and Sweated mightily: To force People to receive their Benedictions, is their premeditated Practice; of which Mr. *Lacy* himself is an Instance, whose own Son refusing to accept a Blessing, he was so Inrag'd at him for being so unlucky a Precedent to others, that he knockt his Sons Head against the Wainscoat, and struck him so severely upon his Mouth with his Fist, that he beat out one of his Teeth, and made his Head and Face swell in an extraordinary manner; this Relation is sign'd by *S. L.* *Oh! Oh! Oh!* then Mr. Lacy *spoke thus: If our Blessed Saviour himself had not told us, that all Men spoke all manner of Evil falsly, of the true Prophets, and should do of his Apostles; I might have taken the Opinion of the World rather than my own, of my self: But as it were preposterous, to have expected the fulfilling of the Denunication, before they are fully publish'd*; Oh! Oh! *That if within Six Months to come; the mighty Power of God does not Attest they were from him, I shall before all the World acknowledge my Delusion: Witness my Hand this* 29th, *of* October, *I. L.* 1707.

A little Prophet about Ten Years of Age, fell a shaking, stamping, and throwing his Arms abroad, saying *Ah! Ah! Oh!* for some time. I am come to tell you, if you dont leave off your Scoffing and come over to us in time, *Ah! Ah! Ah!* the Gate will be shut against you, and you shall not enter therein, *Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah*. Upon this the Prophet was disturbed, he fell a Cursing the People in a most sad manner, and threw himself flat on the Ground, and slid himself between a Gentlewomans Legs, and down Stairs slid upon his Breast into the Cellar, and there found a Case-Knife in order to do the Party a Mischief that did disturb him, upon which all the People were Amaz'd at it.

And in a little time a Shee Prophet about Seven Years of Age, fell a shaking and nodding her Head, *Oh! Oh! Oh!* and when that Fit was over, fell a Cursing, as the little Boy did. It frighted the Spectators.

Then Mr. *Dutton* the Lawyer, began to shake a Second time, and the Spirit mov'd him, *Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!* and throwing his Arms and Hands about as if he would shake them off; saying, if you pretend to be Christians love one another, as Christ loved us, and instanced in some part of the Lord's Prayer; Thy Kingdom come, *Ah, Ah*, thy will be done, *Ah, Ah, Ah, &c.* And we are come to tell you that we are true Prophets of God, and now you Abuse us; he fell a Cursing of the Spectators in a most Cruel manner, so that the People all stood Amazed at him.

The Assembly of the *English* and *French* Prophets met at *Barbican* on *Thursday* the 13 of *November*, 1707. On *Thursday* about 9 of the Clock, they met at the old Meeting-house, and in a little time the place was thronged, and so they began as they did before under pretence of a License of the Act of Tolleration.

I will not have you any more fear Man *Oh! Oh! Oh!* Cast away utterly the fear of Man, *Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!* Come; Put it to the Issue, *Oh! Oh! Oh!* Then shaking his Head, and throwing his Arms about as if he was Mad: then, See whether Man be stronger than me. Assemble altogether. Don't break my Order, *Oh! Oh! Oh!* for how shall publick Assemblies be to my Honour, if you do not Obey me, as God, with Fear? Shall others Fear, and not you? Those that speak in my Name, *Oh! Oh! Oh!* and my Words must be disposed so, that the whole Audience may see and hear. And they see my Word comes back with more force thither. And I charge you to stand the Rage of Man; and you shall see how I will decide. Stand by one another.

Another Prophet taken with a shaking Fit as before, *Ya! Ya!* for a time before he spoke. Take heed of Offence. The more publick, the more care, and fear is incumbent on you. I commend to you such Prudence, as don't disturb me, *Ya, Ya*, nor betray any shame you have of my Word. The fear of Man is always Evil, *Ya, Ya*.

Mr. *Lacy*, began to shake his Head, and stretched his Arms by his Side, just as if he was in a Convulsion Fit, O, O, I have embrac'd you in secret, and strengthned your Souls; I have been preparing you for more open Publishing my Word: And you have your own Experience, as many as have come to me in their Hearts, that I am the Comforter to you, *Oh, Oh*. Count the Cost. If you cannot suffer a little from the World e'en stand on that side, for I will make you more Spectacles to Men. I will deliver you, and you shall glorify me, *Oh! Oh!* But would you know my Deliverance without Trial? My Messengers cry aloud and shall not spare. The noise of Men shall not drown their Voice any longer.

Another Prophet fell a shaking lamentably, as if he had been one of the Lunaticks of *Bethlehem*, lifting up his Body in his Chear, *Ha, Ha*, I will spare you for this Day. But you shall have the Day appointed to you, in a very few natural Days more. And tell them from me, that they need not come; if you be afraid of Man, then trust in my Word. Then will I make my Glory appear, and the strength of my Arm. Let the Order of Assemblies be read every time you meet together, that none may plead Ignorance. I am a Jealous God over my own Children; prepare therefore your selves, and all that call on my Name, Saying,

OUR *Father which art in Heaven* Ha, Ha, *hallowed be thy Name*, Ha, Ha, *thy Kingdom come*, Ha, Ha, *thy will be done*, Ha, Ha. *&c.*

On *Sunday* the 16*th*, of *November*, they Assembled in *Barbican*, and several of the Prophets began to shake and nodded their Heads Arms and Legs as if they were Mad, crying, *Ha, Ha*, one after another for most part of the Day; some in *English*, and some in *French*; but about 3 in the Afternoon, one of the Prophets fell a shaking in a most dreadful manner, *Oh, Oh*.

Oh accustom your selves to Fear, and Reverence, and Decency in your Assemblies, Oh, Oh. For when ye ser ill Examples, and others, following your Examples, will draw down my Judgments upon their Heads can you expect to escape? O ye are all vile Worms in my Sight. And tho I choose some of you, for my Service immediate, and distinguish you in my Favour: Yet think you not, therefore, that I will spare you, if ye disobey my Voice. No: I am just, as well as merciful: Think upon that. When I give a Law, 'tis the Duty of every Soul to obey that Law. He that does his Endeavours *Oh, Oh*, his utmost Endeavours, to keep that Law, he shall be safe. But he that carelessly, presumptuously, breaks that Law, tho he be my Servant immediate, can he hope to be exempt from the Punishment, that he sees fall upon the Head of others, that in like manner, *Oh, Oh*, have broke my Law? Let every Soul take care. God is a consuming Fire.

Another Prophet fell a shaking his Head and cry'd, I am come to tell you, I am the Man that comes to tell you, I will cure the Blind, and make the Dumb to speak, the Deaft to hear, *Oh, Oh*, the crooked strait, and the Lame to walk: I will do it very suddainly you shall see it *Oh, Oh*, in a very little time: Presently after the Mob began to pull down the Seats, and break the Windows and turn'd all the Prophets out of their Assembly and fastned the Doors: But Five or Six of them made best of their way, to the Swan-Tavern in *Cornwal*; but some Young Gentlemen being at a Coffee House hard by, hearing that the Prophets were their, left the Coffee behind them, and made to the Tavern to see them; but they got into a Room, the Master of the House having a mind to see them; thrust open the Door and went in, then they began to shaking and stamping, crying *Oh, Oh Oh*, up Starts a great tall Prophet with a great Knife in his Hand, and pulls the little Boy by the Hair of his Head, and drags him about the Room for some time, then threw him on his Belly and struck him on the Back with his Knife, five or six times together, and made several holes in his Coat, but did him no harm. Then they flung the little Girl behind the Fire for some time, and did her no harm; this was done before all the Young Gentlemen. Mr. *Lacy* was thereby, some of the People thereby spoke to Mr. *Lacy* and told him that they were told, that he was at all the Charges that they were at: He declared that he was but Twenty Pounds out, besides his Printing of his Book, and that he had no Account of them as yet. The same Night Mr. *Dutton* the Lawyer went all the way up *Holbourn*, crying like a Mad man; Halleluja, Halleluja, and singing of Psalms.

We thought good to insert this Relation of Mrs. *Betty Gray* an Impostor, an Angel of Light, for they so call her, went with Mr. *Lacy* and another Prophet, to Mrs. *Gray*'s Kinswomans House at *Westminster*; and coming out of Doors there came a Dove and sat on her Shoulder, and flew into the Pallace-Yard on the top of a Coach; which she followed and took that Coach the Dove was on, and Mr. *Lacy* and the other Prophet followed her into the Coach; and the Dove followed them in; she bid the Coach-man drive her where the Dove did light, which was in *Lumber-street* in the City; the Dove flew out of the Coach on a Paint House, and so they all did light and went into the House, which they supposed to be a Coffee House, and called for a Pot of Coffee, but it proved an Alehouse, so they desired the Woman of the House to shew them a Room, which she did up two pair of Stairs with a Bed in it; but no sooner they were there, the Dove flew up Stairs into the Room to them; they fell a shaking, crying, Oh, Oh, till they were both tired with the Spirit; til they could stand no longer. This they have Printed in their own Books.

On *Saturday* the 22*th*, the false Prophets were tryed at *Guild-hall* and were Cast. On *Friday* the 28*th*, of this instant they appeared at the *Queen*'s Bench Bar at *Westminster*, whereafter the Attorney General had laid open the Heinousness of their Crime. So the Judges of the *Queen*'s-*Bench* pass'd Sentence on them as follows *viz.* That *Elias Marion, Fassbein*, and *Bryant* should be expos'd with a Paper on their Breast with their Crime on a Scaffold at *Charing-cross* next *Monday*, and on *Tuesday* at the *Royal-Exchange*: Fined each of them 20 Marks, and to remain in Prison till their Fines are Paid.

On *Sunday* the 23*d*, the false Prophets Assembled at *Pancrass-Wells*; and the Spirit moved them Oh, Oh, Oh, we are all Mortals, we are all Mortals Oh, Oh, Let none abuse his Mercy, and his Forbearance; and make any Ill use of his Love, Oh, Oh. But would admit of none to come to them but their own People.

The Explanation of the Cut.

A. *The* French *Prophet stamping with his Foot.* B. Benjamin Jackson, *Writing what they all say.* C. *The other Writers.* D. Sir *Richard* Buckley *to be made straight by the Power of the Prophets in 6 Months.* E. *Master* Dutton *the Lawyer.* F. *Mr.* Lacy *shaking his Head.* G. G. *Converts not yet come to the full Spirit of Prophecy.* H. H. H. *Spectators.* I, *A little Boy being about* 10 *Years of Age being disturb'd, fell a Cursing the People, and threw himself on the Ground upon his Belly.* K. *A Young Female Prophet of Seven Years of Age.* L. *Mrs.* Betty Gray *sitting at a Table with a Dove, which flew upon her Shoulder; she is termed among the Prophets an Angel of Light.*

LONDON: Printed by *J. Applebee*, in the Year, 1707.

Price 1*d*.